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# My Bonny Blooming Highland Jane

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## Young & Single SAILOR.

**A** FAIR maid walking in her garden,  
A brisk young sailor came passing by,  
And he stepped up to her thinking to win her,  
And he said, Fair maid, can you fancy I?

You seem to talk like some man of honour,  
Some man of honour you seem to be,  
And I am a poor and homely maiden,  
Not fitting for your servant to be.

If you are not fitting to be my servant,  
A great regard love I have for thee,  
I will take you home and make you my lady,  
You shall have servants to wait on thee.

I have a sweetheart of my own sir,  
And 7 long years he's been gone from me,  
And 7 more I will wait for him,  
If he's alive he'll return to me.

Seven years makes great alteration,  
Your true-love is either dead or drowned,  
Oh, if he's alive, I love him dearly,  
And if he's dead he's in glory crowned.

Now when he heard that his love proved loyal  
He said, It's a pity love should be crossed.  
I am your Young and Single Sailor,  
Who many a time the wide ocean cross'd.

If you are my young and single sailor,  
Show me the token I gave to thee,  
For he did say, I'll be no more a rover,  
But when I return I'll marry thee.

He pull'd his hand out of his bosom,  
His fingers being long and small,  
Show'd her the ring that was broke between them  
She no more did say but down did fall.

He took her up all in his arms,  
And gave her kisses by one, two, and three,  
I am your young and single sailor,  
I am just returned to marry thee.

So now this couple they are married,  
In wedlock's bands they both are joined,  
They do live happy enjoying each other,  
And she is bless'd with her sailor boy.

London:—H. Such, Printer and Publisher,  
123, Union Street, Borough.—S.E.



## MY BONNY BLOOMING Highland Jane.

London:—H. Such, Printer, 123, Union St., Boro'

**A**S I walked out one morning fair,  
Being in the merry month of June,  
The river ran like crystal clear,  
The rose and violet was in bloom;  
In sad despair, a voice most clear,  
I heard across the rural plain,  
Saying, I have lost my lovely bride,  
My bonny blooming Highland Jane.

She was the fairest of the fair,  
Her eyes were like the diamonds bright,  
She was my joy and only dear,  
My treasure comfort and delight,  
We lived alone like turtle doves,  
And sung in melodious strain;  
But now I'm left a bird alone,  
I've lost my bonny blooming Jane.

She left behind a lovely boy  
Its features fill me with amaze,  
The more I look—the more I weep,  
As daily on him I do gaze:  
She was like a flower sprung in an hour,  
And snatched from off the mortal plain,  
Ah, could I fold you in my arms,  
My bonny blooming Highland Jane.

She was the pride of Scotland's isle,  
From the Tweed down to the Clyde;  
No more again then shall I smile,  
Upon my charming lovely bride;  
For I am doom'd to sigh and weep,  
And wander o'er this dismal plain,  
No bonny lass, could e'er surpass  
My bonny blooming Highland Jane.

Oh, cruel death thou was severe,  
To snatch so suddenly away,—  
That lovely rose-bud in her prime,  
To mix among the mouldering clay  
But through the dreary hours of night,  
I'll sit and sing in mournful strain,  
The loss of her that shone so bright,  
My bonny blooming Highland Jane.

My tears shall soak the mouldering clay,  
While I sit weeping o'er her grave,  
And as the hours fleet away,  
From death I will one favour crave.  
To take me from the rose that died,  
Far, far from this deserted plain,  
And lay me in the earth beside.  
My bonny blooming Highland Jane.

**No. 126.**